

The Historie of

Moore-ditch?

Fals. Thou hast the most vnfauory similes, and art indeede the most comparatiuerascaldest sweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streetes, and no man regards it.

Fals. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*; God forgie thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prince. Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

Fals. Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not call me Villaine, and Baffell me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Pursetaking.

Fals. Why, *Hall*, tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation.

Enter Poines.

Poines. Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set a match: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned*.

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hall*. What sayes Monsieur Remorse? What sayes sir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou souldst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargain, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

Poines.

Henry the fourth.

Poines. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Else he had bin damnd for Cosening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offrings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hil lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in Eastcheap; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stufte your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Fals. Heare ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fals. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Fals. Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the bloud royall, if thou darrest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then once in my dayes Ile be a madcap.

Fals. Why thats well said.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fals. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poin. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shal go.

Fals. Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the cares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, & what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance: farewell, you shall find me in *Eastcheap*.

Prin. Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer.

Poy. Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone.

Falstaffe, Harney, Rosill, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B.

Prince.

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